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COBBETT'S LETTERS TO LANDLORDS,

*On the Agricultural Report
and Evidence.*

LETTER VI.

Kensington, 23 October, 1821.

LANDLORDS,

178. WE are drawing towards the close of our examination. The *eleventh* proposition of the Committee is, as stated in Letter I, paragraph 15, in the following words:

x1. *That Peel's Bill ought not to be repealed.* 87.

179. Before I proceed with this proposition, I should state, that, since I wrote Letter V, I have, by the favour of a gentleman who has lent me the book, seen the *Edinburgh Review* of June last,

in which Mr. MUSHET's Tables are noticed with *great approbation*. I observed, in my last, in paragraph 171, that Mr. MUSHET has brought the account to a *balance*; that is to say, that he had made it out by his calculations, that, *up to the end of 1820*, the Fundlords had *neither gained nor lost* by the changes in the value of money. But, I learn from this *Edinburgh Review* (odd as it is that one can *learn* any thing from it) that Mr. MUSHET, upon *second thoughts*, found he had made a mistake; and so he published a *new edition*, giving *compound interest* to the Fundlords; and, by this means, made it out, that they had *lost a large sum* by this miserable debtor nation! But, the good of the thing is, to hear the grave remark of the *feelosofers* upon this point. "Thus, (say

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they,) there is a *permanent annual loss* to the Fundholder of 72,704*l.*" *Permanent* mind! He *has lost* the principal; and, of course, will *continue* to lose the interest; and, accordingly they then set down the value of the 72,704*l.* at 20 years purchase, just as they would the *rent of an estate*! Now, if, notwithstanding all that has been said in LETTER V about the manner in which the Debt was contracted; about its very suspicious origin; about the *impossibility* of so much money having been *really lent* to the nation; about all the pretty works of Pitt and Dundas: if notwithstanding all these, we regard the Debt as a *real thing*; and if we believe, that, from the alteration in the value of money, the Fundlords did, up to the end of 1820, lose a sum that was worth to them 72,704*l.* a year; if we suppose this, is that any reason for their now *gaining* 20,000,000*l.* a year? Is that any reason, I say, for their now *gaining twenty millions a year*, and for their *continuing to*

gain it for ever? These 20 millions a year they now receive unjustly; for it is notorious, that they now receive, taking all commodities together, three for one. And yet the *feelosofers* say, that Mr. MUSHET has *settled the question for ever*! If he have, he has settled you, my lords of the soil; for, it will require but a very few years for me to see the far greater part of you as poor as those "*Radicals*" whom you have hunted like wild beasts. You will find something else for your sapient heads to think about than inventing crimes like that of "*Radicalism*." Forty millions a year; for, mind, the *sinking fund*, as the humbug is called, is only so much *given* to the Fundlords; forty millions a year, ten or fifteen of which come out of your estates, directly or indirectly, will soon eat you out: and, in the mean while, we shall have you gentle as doves! Not but you will spit your spite out upon *us* as much as you can, as an ill-tempered coward kicks a dog, when he would

wish to kick his servants; but, you will not have the *power*; you will grow poorer and poorer every day; and, as you grow poor, you will grow feeble: and as impotence, as all philosophers agree, is the very best security for continence, so poverty is the best possible security for your good behaviour.

180. Leaving the *Edinburgh Reviewers* for the present, in order to return to them hereafter, let us now come to the Report of the Committee as to *Peel's Bill*. The Committee do not *name* this precious monument of "Wisdom Collective." They allude to it in the 87th paragraph, thus: "They" (the Committee) "look forward "to *this mode* of easing the incumbrances of the Landlord" (we shall see *this mode* hereafter) "with the more anxiety, as, amidst "all the injury and injustice, "which an unsettled currency,— "an evil, they trust, never again "to be incurred,—has, in succession, cast upon the different "ranks of society, the share of

"that evil which has now fallen
"upon the landed interest, is *the*
"only one which, without inflict-
"ing greater injury and greater
"injustice, admits (*now that we*
"*are so far advanced in the sys-*
"*tem of a restored currency*) of
"no other relief."

181. To understand the meaning of this sentence, even at a third reading, demands a *steadyish head*. But, we do learn from it that "injury and injustice have "been cast upon the different "ranks of society by an unsettled "currency." Now, this is *something*, at any rate, in the way of acknowledgment. Who is this unsettled currency? What is he? Is he a *Radical*? Is he one of those *Sedition and Blasphemy* fellows whose crimes called so loudly for Six-Acts? Is he a Two-Penny Trash man, who, as the Doctor lamented, had not written any thing that could be prosecuted with a chance of success? "Why, you fule," I hear the *Edinburgh Reviewers* exclaim, "It is nae mon: it is a *theng*!"

Oh! thank you, feelosofers: it means the *raising and lowering of the value of money!* I thought it was some licentiousness-of-the-press man at the least, if not Bonaparté, or some great four-legged monster capable of eating up half a nation at a meal! Now, I understand the thing clearly enough. It is an "*evil*," it has "*inflicted injury and injustice on the different ranks of society*," and the Committee *trust* they shall *never see this evil again!*

182. Well, then, how did the "*evil*" come? Who created the "*evil*?" Who did the *injury* and the *injustice* to the different ranks of society? Why those who made the unsettled currency. And who made that? Why, the *parliament*; that very parliament that stands in need of *no reform*, and that is the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world! Now, either the parliament did this injury and injustice to the different ranks of society *intentionally*, or it *did not*; if the former, I must, with Six-Acts in

my eye, leave the reader to characterize the parliament: if the latter, every one to his taste, but, for my part, I can have no expectation that that same body who *created an evil* of such magnitude, who *cast injury and injustice upon the different ranks of society without intending it*; I have no expectation, that that *same body* will ever intend to do that which is calculated to get the nation out of its difficulties. They may intend to do that which *they think* will have this effect; but, with their present acknowledgment before me, what reason have I to suppose, that those will think correctly now, who thought so erroneously before?

183. Nay, they seem to *doubt* and to be half *afraid* of what they have already done; for, observe the words: "*now that we are so far advanced in the system of a restored currency*." As much as to say, that they cannot *now* retract. That they cannot repeal *Peel's Bill*. They are *in* the mess, and they must *go through it!* Yet, there is a *misgiving* here;

and, when we take this in conjunction with what the "*prime*" minister (and a prime cock he is!) said, towards the close of the last session; namely, that the *question* of a paper-currency or a metallic currency was *still open* to parliament; when we look at these together, we ought not to be too sure, that, when Mr. Perry's "Collective Wisdom" shall be again collected, there will not be some little talk about a measure, that would cause the *feast of the gridiron*. Indeed, I am perfectly satisfied, and so are thousands and thousands besides, that if it had not been for the *picture of the gridiron* at the head of my Register, last winter, *the Bill would have been repealed before the month of May*. But, that picture! The horrid disgrace; the triumph on the side of "sedition and blasphemy;" the never-ending jests on the "Collective;" the noise all over the world, these, seen in prospective, made the "*stern-path*" men brace up their nerves; and they seem, though their lips

quivered and their teeth chattered all the while, to have resolved to *go on*, neck or nothing.

184. I say too, "that Peel's Bill *ought not to be repealed*."

I was half dead with fear, when it was a matter of doubt. It would have covered the whole thing with disgrace and infamy, to be sure; but, it would, perhaps, have put off the day that I wish to see come. It would have lightened up the hearts of the *Jolterheads*, and have made them prance and gallop and cut and slash more than ever. It would have given them a new lease of the privilege of being oppressive and insolent. Thank God and the king they are now coming down to their proper place. They are growing *mild* and *civil*. One can be within a yard of them without having one's eyes put out with the haze proceeding from their puffing insolence. I thank the King for choosing the stern-path men to push the Bill on, and I thank God for disposing the heart of the King to make such a choice. This Bill

will do *every thing* for us in time ; but, above all things, it will lay sprawling upon the earth thousands upon thousands of the most unjust, oppressive, cruel and cowardly vagabonds that ever strutted about upon the face of that earth.

185. If this Bill were to be repealed, we should soon feel the savage effects of it. The power of robbing the labouring classes would then be looked upon *as made perpetual*; and there would be nothing left for them but real, personal slavery, or open resistance. Fraud, now so completely held in check, would again start forth, and with more vigour and confidence than ever. As to the violation of all *contracts for time*, that would be nothing new. But, there would, out of the repeal of the Bill, arise so many advantages to the paper-fraud, that the country would become a scene of general gambling and swindling, a perfect " Pall Mall Hell " of fraud and villany. The Bill has already given us *gold* ; it has banished the *one-pounders*, and is

banishing the *five-pounders*. And thus we are come to the *ten-pounders*. They will, I trust, disappear too ; and I do not care one single straw from *what cause*. The Rag-men in the *country* must follow the main spring of paper ; for the Debt will continue to *draw away even their paper*, which they must *diminish*, mind, in proportion to the diminution in London paper. Gold will go creeping over the country. If the forgers cannot work upon the Mother Bank, they will fall upon her country litter ; and, in this way it will be, that we shall need no corn-bills ; for the corn will be as cheap in England as in any other part of the world.

186. This Bill, this blessed Bill, which was passed when the " Collective " was in one of its happiest moods, will, in the end, be the salvation of England. It will " put down the mighty from their seats ; " and, therefore, with the Committee, I say, that " Peel's Bill ought not to be repealed." In this one point, too, I have the hap-

piness to agree with the Edinburgh Reviewers, who are stout advocates for this Bill; and well they may, for it *originated with their faction!* It was the relics of the Bullion-Committee. But, no matter for its origin: it will set all to rights!

187. The Edinburgh Reviewers do, indeed, seem to have some *qualms*; for, they do not positively say, that the Bill can be adhered to without a *reduction of the interest of the debt*. They lay about them on all those who contend for the reduction; but, still, they do not *assert*, that it *may* not be found *unavoidable*, at last. They call those "*open and bare-faced robbers*" who propose to do the thing; but, still they talk, as if they thought the thing *must be done in the end*. They come in with a "*But*" after their imprecations; and with a "*though we were wrong*." And, then they say, that; *if* the thing be done, they prefer the doing of it openly to a *debasement of the coin*, on the plan of the *Attwoods*, which is a

real *Birmingham* plan, a *clipping* and *sweating* plan; yet this was, too, the plan of the "*Liverpool Merchants*," who petitioned last winter. Yes, I do not like the clipping plan; for that would *repeal Peel's Bill*, which I regard as the sure means of our regeneration.

188. These Reviewers say, that they would prefer Mr. RICARDO's plan of *dividing the lands*, to a reduction of the interest of the debt. Why, so should I; for, this would be a proper punishment of the Landlords for their hypocritical out-cry against the poor *Spenceans*. What the *feelosefers* say upon this subject is really curious; and, as a fine specimen of grave nonsense, I will insert it: "A measure of this *bold* and decided character ought not to be adopted, except as a *dernier resort*, and after all other less hazardous and more practicable means of relieving the national embarrassments have been tried. But, if our choice lay only between public

“bankruptcy and *the transfer of*
 “*20 or 25 per cent. of the capital*
 “*of the country to the fundholders,*
 “we could not, unless we had
 “determined to trample on public
 “faith, and to commit an act of
 “gross and shameful injustice in
 “the face of the world, *hesitate*
 “*about making such a transfer.*
 “That it would be attended with
 “*considerable temporary hard-*
 “*ship and inconvenience,* cannot
 “be denied; but, at the same
 “time, it would preserve the na-
 “tional honour and character un-
 “impaired, while, by relieving
 “the country from *above thirty*
 “*millions a year of taxes,* it would
 “go far to render us *the most*
 “*flourishing and happy people*
 “*in the world.*”

189. Well! Thank God there
 are not many such fools as these!
 What! will a *fifth* or a *fourth*
 part of less than thirty millions a
 year, *pay off* a debt, the interest
 of which is *more than 30 millions?*
 Do these men not know, that the
 rental of the kingdom is not 30
 millions a year? And do they

not know, that, if a measure like
 that of Ricardo were attempted
 to be put in execution, the
 whole lands would not fetch a
 quarter part of the principal of
 the debt? Or do they mean *all*
 capital; that is to say *all property?*
 They must: and then, what a
 muster of chairs and tables and
 frying-pans and porridge-pots
 and old shoes, to be exchanged
 for Stock! It is a real madness.
 Let them attempt *this,* and I am
satisfied.

190. These Reviewers again
 resort to “*retrenchment.*” Very
 good; but will they agree to the
 lopping off of Burke’s posthu-
 mous pensions of 2,500*l.* a
 year? Will they agree to lop off
 the pensions and sinecures granted
 by the Whigs? Will they agree to
 the taking off of the pensions which
 the Whigs granted to *foreigners*
 in direct violation of the Act of
 Settlement? Oh, no! come to
 the pinch, and they will agree to
 none of these; nor to the rescind-
 ing of any of the *grants,* which
 they, in the language of Fox, call

"freeholds," &c. ! Foh ! for such Whigs ! They mean by "retrenchment," the taking of money from others to give to themselves. And, when these Edinburgh Reviewers met to petition the king to turn out his ministers, they, with the most bewitching simplicity and modesty declared, that they would never take any office that they were *unqualified to fill* ; and, I'll engage that the king has no office in his gift, no, not even *his own*, that they do not think themselves better qualified to fill than any other persons in the world.

191. But, why this *vague* talk about "retrenchment ?" Why do they not tell us *in what* ? There are the *salaries of the Judges*. These have been *doubled* since 1799. The last addition was, too, made upon the motion of SAINT HORNER, one of these very Reviewers. Do they propose to reduce *these salaries* ? Ah ! they know better ! They are a group of *Lawyers* ; and, it was so decent, so independent, so impartial

in Lawyer HORNER, though in "opposition," to propose an addition to the salaries of the "*venerable persons*," before whom he had to plead and to obtain decisions for his clients as often as he could ! Foh ! for such "*opposition*." No wonder the Whigs regard HORNER as a *Saint*. No wonder that both sides of the "Collective" chant his praises *à pleine tête*, or, as we of the vulgar call it, *open-mouthed* ! These are the things that have disgusted the people, and made them sick of *parties*.

192. What is the "retrenchment," then, that these men are everlastingly harping about ? Do they not know, that *patronage* is the oil of the wheels of the system ? Do they not know, that, if it were not for *that*, there would be no obstacle to *reform* ? Do they not know, that the system could not stand a day, or, rather, could not move another inch, without this *oil* ? Where is their sincerity, then, in calling for "*retrenchment*," when they know that *real*

retrenchment, that the putting of an end to *unnecessary expences* must put an end to the system, which they labour with all their might to uphold ?

193. I shall conclude this letter with an extract from the *Norfolk Chronicle and Norwich Gazette*, not, indeed, immediately relating to *Peel's Bill*, but not foreign to the matters of the Report, it being one of those humbugs by a succession of which, regularly served out at stated periods, this nation has been deluded and noodled along for the last thirty years ; till, in the end, we find a Committee of the " Collective " itself proclaiming, that it is in a state of *embarrassment* and *distress*. The following is the article I allude to ; and, if any thing more gross was ever attempted to be palmed upon the Peruvians by the Padres whose object was to filch their gold and debauch their wives and daughters, the Padres must have been still greater impostors than they have been represented :

British Empire.—The population of Great Britain at the census in 1811, was 11,800,000, exclusive of the army and navy, then about 50,000. From the returns, so far as published under the present census, it appears the increase is about 15 per cent. This will make the population of Great Britain at present to be 14,000,000 of souls. Ireland contains about 6,500,000 people, making the population of the British dominions in Europe 20,500,000. The population of our North American Possessions cannot be less than 1,500,000 ; the population of the West India Colonies, 800,000 ; Africa, about 130,000 ; in the Mediterranean, 150,000 ; colonies and dependencies in Asia, 2,040,000 ; and our other extensive territories in the East Indies, perhaps 70,000, 00 of souls. The whole population of the British Empire, will, at that rate, contain 95,220,000 of souls. The

" Russian, the next highest in
 " the scale of civilized nations,
 " contains 50,000,000 ; France,
 " 30,000,000 ; and Austria an
 " equal number. *The Roman*
 " *Empire*, in all its glory, con-
 " tained 120,000,000, one half of
 " whom were slaves. When we
 " compare its situation with that
 " of the British Empire, in power,
 " wealth, resources, and industry,
 " in the arts, sciences, commerce,
 " and agriculture, the preponder-
 " ance of the latter in the scale
 " of nations and empires is *great*
 " *and most remarkable*. The ton-
 " nage employed in the merchant
 " service is about 2,640,000 tons,
 " for Great Britain : the exports
 " 51,000,000 (including 11,000,000
 " foreign and colonial;) the im-
 " ports 36,000,000. The navy,
 " during the last war, consisted
 " of 1,000 ships of war ; the
 " seamen at present in the mer-
 " chant service are about 174,000 ;
 " the net revenue of the state
 " 57,000,000 *l*. *The capital of*
 " *the empire contains 1,200,000*

" persons, the same number which
 " Rome contained in the days of
 " her greatest strength. The va-
 " lue of fixed or landed prop-
 " erty in Great Britain, as cal-
 " culated by Mr. Pitt, in 1797,
 " was 1,600,000,000 *l*., and it
 " may now be fairly taken at
 " 2,000,000,000 *l*. The cotton
 " manufactures of the country
 " are immense, and reach in the
 " exports to 20,000,000 *l*. or one
 " half of the whole. In short,
 " taking every thing into con-
 " sideration, the British empire,
 " in power and strength, may be
 " stated as the greatest that ever
 " existed on earth, as it far sur-
 " passes them in knowledge, moral
 " character, and worth. On her
 " dominions the sun never sets ;
 " before his evening rays leave
 " the spires of Quebec, his morn-
 " ing beams have shone three
 " hours in Port Jackson, and
 " while sinking from the waters
 " of Lake Superior, his eye
 " opens upon the mouth of the
 " Ganges."

194. Well, then, how came two of this mighty empire's fleets to be beaten and captured by two Yankee fleets of inferior force? How came her fleets and armies to be driven from America in utter disgrace? But, if such be her resources, why talk of the paltry expence of her *Sovereign's coronation*? Why talk of "*retrenchment*?" And, above all things, why talk of her *difficulties* and *distress*?

195. The hired fellows who write these things are no fools. They know how to turn the vanity of the stupid to account. They know, that the most sordid of wretches, who have no feeling for their poorer neighbours, and who never even thought of a public-spirited act, are still to be tickled by statements like this; and that the conclusion they will draw, is, "What a wise and good government we must have to have gained us all this power and all these riches!" Even the half-broken farmer or tradesman conceits, for a moment, that he has a part in these im-

mense riches; and is, perhaps, to be awakened from his dream only by a tap on the shoulder by the hand of the bailiff.

196. Only think of reckoning the land at a fourth more than the worth of 1797, when it is notoriously not worth in nominal amount so much as it was then! And only think of omitting to state, that there is a mortgage on this for more than it is worth according to the present rental! Only think of saying that the land alone is now worth twenty hundred millions, when, according to the property tax returns, it never, at the highest times and in the most base paper, was worth more than about twelve hundred millions, and cannot now be worth more than six or seven hundred millions, though charged with a mortgage of nearer ten hundred than eight hundred millions! Only think of reckoning 70 millions of people in India as forming part of our strength, when we are drained of the fruit of our labour to carry on wars to enable a Com-

pany of merchants and their underlings to make a part of these people work to get them money!

197. But, if we be this *mighty empire*, how came we to be so cursedly afraid of the French as to stop cash payments at the Bank upon the alarm excited by a few old women, in Wales, having their cloaks mistaken for French Soldiers' dresses? Look at "Paper Against Gold" and see the *fright* the "mighty empire" was in at that time! If we be this "mighty," this Mammoth of an "*Empire*," how came we to be so shamefully in fright as to send for a parcel of *German Soldiers to defend us against the French*, and to give the German Officers the *command* of whole districts in England! Poh! ye impostors! None of your *drams* to drown our senses and our sorrows!

198. However, my Lords of the Soil, be you assured, that this is amongst the devices to gild the pill that you have to swallow. It is to dazzle your poor brains, and to make you believe, that it is im-

possible that you should be *ruined*, belonging, as you have the honour to belong, "*to the greatest empire on the earth*." Nevertheless, suck down the *dram*: gulp it all to the very dregs: swallow "*Lake Superior and the Ganges*:" and then awake, and find the Jews in possession of your estates: just as the cully who has fallen asleep in the elysium of a brothel, awakes stripped to the skin and bitten with fleas.... I am, my lords of the soil, with the most profound respect,

Your most obedient and

Most humble Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

THE KING.

"Every inch a King!"

THAT he is! He now really is the "*Royal Master*" of his Ministers and of the Borough-lads too, whose interest is, and must be, the same. There has, I see,

been a "*Whig Club*" begun in *Cheshire* with LORD GROSVENOR at its head. I might here accuse this nobleman of *inconsistency* much more reasonably than I have thus been accused. His lordship is just *one year younger than I am*. He had, up to the *age of 40*, much better opportunities of acquiring a correct knowledge of all things relating to politics than I could *possibly* have. Yet, up to that time, and, I believe, later, he was a supporter of PITT and his *whole system*. He now not only makes declarations against that *system*; but he toasts the memory of FOX; and he founds a *Club*, the very basis and name of which are hostile to Pitt and his system!

Now nobody cries out "*inconsistency*" here; neither do I. I must believe, that this change in the conduct of LORD GROSVENOR has arisen from his thinking that he was in error before; and, believing this, how can I *blame* him? It is not *inconsistency*, any more than it would be in a man that changed his food, upon finding

that another sort of food was better for his health.

This, however, by way of parenthesis, for I have spoken of this "*Whig-Club*" in order to shew what I deem to be the *erroneous opinion*, upon which it has been resolved to form it.

This opinion evidently is, that the present Ministers may be *turned out by a combination of the landed gentry of the kingdom*. And I am convinced, that it will not be the case; and that, under the present circumstances, the thing can be done only *by the personal inclination of the King*.

LORD GROSVENOR seems to forget the eloquent description which he himself gave, during his meritorious opposition to *Six-Acts*, of the power of *public opinion*; a power which he so soon afterwards saw exercised with such energy and success in the cause of the Queen! Without this public opinion to *second* it, there is no *combination* of opulent men, whatever may be their rank and possessions, that can move the Ministers

from their places, or *change the system* which has so long existed.

To talk of *party* effecting any thing *now*, is to shut one's eyes against the light. There is, in fact, *no party*, and there has been none since two months after the change of ministry in 1806. There have been all along a parcel of men to *oppose the Ministers in parliament* and to seek to get their places; but, as to the *people*; as to those who constitute the *public*; they have never, from 1806, and the month of April in that year, had *any confidence in any party*; and, without such confidence, no party can ever move a ministry.

On the day that the Bill of Pains and Penalties was thrown out, a busy, bustling, talking *military Knight* said to another person, who was going with him up Parliament-street, "The Queen has *turned out the ministers* at any *rate*." When the gentleman who heard this, and who had come running to me to tell me of the fate of the Bill, told me what the

Knight had said, I observed; "Poor simpleton! Little does he know about *what there is to prevent that!*" He seems to have had nothing but *party* and *place* in his head. He seems to have forgotten, that it was *public opinion* that had saved the Queen; and not to have been aware, that public opinion would not utter even a whisper for the turning out of the Ministers and the *putting in of their opponents*.

This was very soon found to be the case, as I, in my first Letter to Lord Grey, said it would be. There were Whig-County meetings in some counties; but, did the *public*, the public who were under *Six-Acts*; did they respond to the sentiments of those meetings? Oh, no! The public were as silent as mice; and, what is more, the public grew cool in that cause (in which they had been so warm) from the moment that that cause seemed to be made a stepping-stone for the Whigs. When *Edinburgh Reviewers* began to petition *against the ministers*, it

was time for the *public* to think of what they themselves were about!

And, pray, what could be more *rational* than the conduct of the *public* at this crisis? They had clearly traced the persecutions, all the persecutions, of her Majesty, as well as all the wrongs and insults committed towards themselves, to one *cause*, and to that cause only. The trial of the Queen; all the facts that it brought to light; all the discussions on those facts; all had tended to fix their eyes on this *one cause*; this only *root* of all the evil. Those who doubted before were now *certain*. Well, then, what was to induce the public to move, if there were *no change to be made as to this cause*? And, let it be observed, the aspiring party took special care not to call upon the public *in the name of any such change*!

Thus the ministers, notwithstanding the sanguine expectations of our *military Knight*, remained as secure as a rock.

There was no *party*; there was *no man* of eminent station, in whom the *public* had any confidence, or about whose elevation to place or power the *public* cared a straw. Why should it? What did it see on the benches opposed to the ministers? Not more talent in the first place; no essential difference in any principle important to the people; and was the *public* to call for a turning out of the ministers purely for the pleasure of seeing Brougham and Scarlett and Macintosh and Abercrombie, and a whole litter of Edinburgh Reviewers, crammed into place?

Things are, in this respect, just in the same state now; and, in this state they must remain, until some person or persons, of weight and distinction, shall call forth the public under the banners of a *réal Reform* clearly defined; and I have, for my part, as much expectation of seeing this as I have of seeing the end of the world. The people are in a different state from that in which they were a

hundred, and, indeed, only *thirty*, or only *fifteen*, years ago. In spite of all that has been done, they *have*, and they *will have*, a great *say* in all great public questions. If the people of an obscure village could *revile*, and even *pelt*, a *Bishop*, for not illuminating his house, that public, to which they belonged, is and will be a *something*. And it is clear, that, in such a state of things, the public are not to be moved by those whom they care nothing at all about.

When a body of nobles have *thwarted a king*, the times and circumstances were different from what they are now. At this time the people know very well *who it is* that has an interest in preventing that *change*, that *reform*, without which they can see no hope of any particular *good to them*, coming from the government. In short, they look upon the aristocracy *as keeping them out of their most valuable rights*; and, as long as this is the case, how is it to be

expected that they should join that aristocracy in any endeavour to turn out a ministry? The king *withholds nothing* from the people. They want to get no share in the exercise of his powers: what they want, is, to share in the choosing of members of the House of Commons; and, are they to be expected to join with those, who withhold from them that share? In this state of things, the *public* must approve of every act of the king of which the aristocracy disapprove. In thwarting them, the king has his people at his back.

Besides, the aristocracy, the landed people in general, would, if they came to the *pinch*, be *afraid to put out these ministers*. And this the king knows very well. To put out these men *must produce a change of system to a certain extent*. And, change, once begun, might not stop where the parties intended. I much question, whether even the stoutest of the Whig-lords *would*, if it came to the point, put out these ministers,

if he could ! He may be discontented, he may be in wrath, he may hate the ministers, he may think things in a bad way ; but he would not like them to be worse ! He knows, that the people are standing *watching for an opening* ; and he must fear, that such opening would be made by *a change of the ministry*. No question, that the ministers would have *trudged* upon the throwing out of the Bill against the Queen ; but our *military Knight* was not *politician* enough to see the impediments that stood in the way of such trudging. All is as tender as an old sore with a slight skin over it. Give it only a scratch, and who knows what will follow ? This is the feeling that keeps the aristocracy quiet with regard to the ministry ; and, as to the *people* they can see no possible good to themselves in *a change of men in the ministry*, so long as the men in another place remain in effect the same.

In the mean while, the king is

master, as he ought to be. If the *Reformers* have not obtained their *own rights*, they have delivered those of their king from invasion ! The king has nobody to controul him in the choosing of his servants. His people will never complain to him that he prefer one set to another, *both being regarded in the same light by them*. Edinburgh Reviewers may, indeed, petition for vacancies, and give him the most solemn assurances of their anxious desire to devote their *feelosefee* to his Royal service ; but, he will doubtless, tell them, that, at present, he has no need of them. In short, the *Borough-lads* are *sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder*, and the king is brandishing an implement suited to the occasion. They master others ; but, thank God, they cannot master him ! If they should prove restif, he has only to pronounce distinctly the seven letters, R, A, D, I, C, A, L, and they will be as gentle as lambs in a moment.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

How often must I say, that this is a country for only two descriptions of persons to go to: those who mean to *work with their own hands*; and those who wish to work no more, and who, upon the interest of two or three thousand pounds, cannot live comfortably here. For farmers, who think of *gaining by the labour of others*, America is no country. Neither is it a country for men with *great parcels of money*, who feel impatience here under the neglect of an *Aristocracy*; for, here such men have *somebody to pull a hat off to them*, and there they find *not a soul to do it!* They may swell and puff and give themselves airs as long as they please; but, they will find no white man to look upon, or to treat them, in any way but the way becoming an *equal*. Nobody could live a happier life than I lived in America; but, then,

I never attempted to stick myself up above any thing that had a white skin. I used to talk with them all that came within the hearing of my tongue; and, as I went along the roads, if I was too far off for talking, I used to nod or bow. I used to treat them in their own way; and they liked me the better. The faults they find in the English are their *stiffness* and *commanding tone*. "Free and easy," is the motto of the Americans; and they found me just their mark. I liked them, I like them, I always shall like them, and, all that I can say is, that those who do not like such a people have no business to be amongst them. Those who cannot live without having somebody to hector over would do well to stay here; for here, any man with money in his pocket will always get some poor devil to crawl upon the belly before him.

There is, I hear, a Mr. CROFT of Manchester, lately come back. This gentleman landed at New York just before I came away.

He will now remember, probably, an opinion that he heard me give, at Mrs. WALDRON'S, about the emigration of *rich men*. He himself was reported to have a very large fortune; not less, I think it was said, than a hundred or two of thousands of pounds. Mr. CROFT is a clever man, but he was not calculated for America. He expected to find the practice of republicanism accord with his pre-conceived abstract notions; and yet he did not appear to me to have wholly divested his mind of that set of ideas which generally accompany the consciousness of the possession of wealth; and a man must do this *completely*; he must feel no rebel-blood stir within him when the man that hoes his corn calls him *Tommy* or *Johnny*, or, his best way is to "*come back*" at once. I dare say, that Messrs. BIRKBECK and FLOWER have, by this time, been called *Morrice* and *Richard* till they have almost forgotten their family names.

This is a horrid thing for a man

who goes to America because he cannot endure the *neglect* and *slight* of the aristocracy, and who goes off in dudgeon because, *with all his money*, he can get no place amongst the *great*. The truth is, such a man is, at bottom, *unjust*; for, he may be amongst the great, if he will *pay for it*; but, he wants to *rise* and *keep his money too*; which is unreasonable, not to say almost *dishonest*. It depends upon *circumstances* how a man ought to proceed in such a case. If young, or, if *unmarried* (for money smooths away wrinkles,) he may easily get "*a connection*." Any Norman that is *poor* will discover his merits, and will let him make his bow to a daughter or a sister, especially if he will *lend*, that is to say *give*, the Norman some of his money. If *married*, make the sons *parsons*, which can be done by buying livings for them; and the calling of parson, like that of play-actress, puts the parties upon a level with the highest: these may be called nobles *ex-officio*. But, to succeed in the

latter case, demands *beauty*, and that is not always the lot of the daughters of rich tradesmen. To get the daughter *up*, therefore, there is nothing *sure* but the *cash*. Then, as to the papa himself, how many *baronets* have we seen spring from God Almighty knows what! A couple of *seats* may be had, if "*retrenchment*" go on, and had in perpetuity too, for, perhaps, *twenty thousand pounds*. This is the *real* way. Then there is *Sir Spindle* and *My Lady* and the young 'Squires and young Ladies all coming out, at once, like a litter of pigs.

It is easy to move from the scene where the money has been got. Adding or deducting a *letter* or *two* of your name makes you *not the same person*. But, the best way is, if your name end with a *y*, for instance, to lay aside the *y* and put an *é*; that is to say, a Norman *e* with an accent. If this cannot be managed put a *De* before your name; and, though the "*swinish multitude*" will drop the *De*, you can have it put

into the "*Baronetage*" in the statement of your "*pedigree*," where, for an additional half crown to the editor, you will have yourself traced back to the "*Conquest*;" aye, and just as well and as truly as democratic "*Glory*" is, whose ancestor, the Baronetage tells us, was "*Hugh de Burdett*" "who came into England with "*William the Conqueror*."

Nothing is so easy as to manage these matters, especially if you have got your money without making any *noise*. For, in this case, it is really a misfortune to have been *famous* in any way of trade. If WEDGEWOOD were to be made a lord, he would never be called any thing but my Lord *crook*, or *tea-pot*, or *saucer*, or some such provoking name. And, if, in the fulness of time, the WHITBREADS were to be advanced in like manner, my lord *bung* would sound in their ears for a couple of generations at least. It is impossible to hear the name of PEEL without thinking of the *Spinning Jenny*.

The more *quietly* you have made your money, the more smoothly you get on; only you must *move away* from the scene; and, in all your conversations with your new neighbours, take care never to say any thing that may enable them to trace you back; for, observe, their envy makes them very *sharp-sighted*! If you have been a *manufacturer*, seem not to know linen from cotton; and, never let a word drop about spindles or horse-powers, or water-powers; for that would betray you at once. If you come from 'Change Alley, take care how you utter the words *discount*, *per cent.*, *fraction*, and the like. If you have been a contracting *Corn-Dealer*, seem not to know wheat from beans, and never use the words bushel, gallon, or *ration*: the latter is perfectly fatal. If you have been an Army *Butcher*, pretend to mistake mutton for beef; and never show your critical knowledge of the distinction between *oxen* and *bulls*. Above all things, never say *bull-beef*, and,

if you can avoid it, even in talking of battles, never say *slaughter*. If you have been an *army-tailor*, seem not to know the use of a pair of *scissors*; never have a *goose* or a *cabbage* upon your table, for fear of awakening unpleasant ideas and giving rise to sarcastic smiles. If the attitude of your elbows or the wriggle of your back betray you, bold measures will be required: dash out with a pack of *fox-hounds*, and feed and drench soundly the half-broken-down old country gentry that are left in your neighbourhood.

The *parsons* it will be most difficult to manage. For, in the first place, they are *every where*. Then they are a fraternity that have constant communication with each other, and have one common interest. Then their gown gives them universal access. Then they talk with the *women* a great deal, and hand about a story (a *true* one I mean, of course) with wonderful celerity. Yet, these reverend, or, as the law calls them, these spiritual persons, are not absolutely

without feeling in such a case as yours, provided they see their way clear. Be constant in attendance at church, and not *churchish at home*, where your first toast ought always to be "*Church and King*." Pay or give your tithes without grudging; and it will not be the worse if you purchase an *advowson* or two, and thus become known to be a *patron*.

In short, follow my advice, and I'll engage, that, though you have tramped about for forty years between the Mansion-House and Capel Court, or, though your lungs be actually still stuffed up with *cotton-fuzz*, the pedigree-men shall trace you back to "*the conquest*," as clearly as the Overseers would trace you back to the poor-house.

There is one thing against which I have to caution you; that is, to attempt to get your sons up through the *Bar*; for, though it *has been* a very fertile source of nobility, and will still produce something, times of "*retrench-*

ment" are no times for this source of honours. And, besides (which is the great objection) the *Bar* does require *brains*, more or less; and you will easily see, that this circumstance is one of which you ought by all means to be clear. We do, indeed hear the *Recorder*, and even the *Common Serjeant*, called "*my Lord*;" but, alas! this is like "*my Lord Mayor*," which is only for the *time present*; for the *moment*: it is the *gown and wig*, and not the *man*, that is called "*my Lord*;" which is really nothing, or worse than nothing, as it only serves to fan the flame of ambition without providing any means for its permanent gratification. Nor is the *Navy* and *Army* a bit better, in this respect, than the *Bar*. Here is *time* required, at least; and nine for one, more or less of knocks and blows and cuts, which ought to be wholly out of the question with those who wish to enjoy titles while they are *alive*.

If the reader ask, what all this has to do with "*Emigration to*

America," I say, it has *every thing* to do with it. And I hope, that I have here proved to the satisfaction of every rational mind, that for a man to go to America with a *great parcel of money*, because he is *impatient under the neglect of the Aristocracy here*, is the greatest of follies; seeing that, as I have, I think, clearly shown, he may get amongst the Aristocracy himself for less money than he can purchase the pulling off of one single hat to him in the United States.

LADIES' BONNETS.

I THINK that this affair is now settled. Since writing my article on the subject before, I have ascertained, that the *American Grass*, of which I was so desirous of obtaining some of the *seed*, is an *English Grass* also. It is, in fact, what the farmers call the *Smooth stalked meadow-grass*. A gentle-

man brought me, a few days ago, a stalk and top of this grass, gathered in a field in Middlesex; and, upon comparing it with the grass from America, I find it to be the *same*. My son said, in his letter, that he was sure he had seen the same sort of grass in England; and well he might, for, perhaps, a *twentieth part of our hay* consists of this very grass.

Well, then, here are the facts. The Leghorn Bonnets are made of the straw of *wheat, oats, rye* and *barley*, and the American-Bonnet (finer still) is made of *smooth-stalked meadow-grass*. All the *materials* are in our hands; or, may be, next year. *Our soil produces them all*; and now, the question is, whether we have the ingenuity to turn them into bonnets.

I am very much obliged to a gentleman who has seen the manner of getting the straw in Italy, and shall take another opportunity of speaking of it. There wants the *farmer* here as well as the *manufacturer*. They do not fre-

quently unite in the same person; and, there are difficulties in the way of their co-operation. The manufacturer is generally by no means deficient in point of *conceit*, and is apt to think but little of the understanding of any one who is ignorant of his sublime mystery. And here, unluckily, he has to do with the farmer, who is *generally* many degrees more *obstinate* than a hog, and far more wedded to his track than a mill-horse. "What!" will he say, "want me to grow *corn* with little *straas*! I *woont doot*." No matter for the *result*. It is putting him out of his track, and that is quite enough for him. I wanted an old farmer to raise some Swedish Turnips *in rows at four feet apart*; and, in order to induce him to do it, showed him a field that had, at least, *thirty tons* standing upon the acre, besides greens. He said he never saw such turnips in his life; acknowledged that I had as much weight of turnip upon one acre as he had ever had upon three; but, when I asked him,

whether he would not have *his* in the same way next year, his answer was: "What! *throw all that there ground away* between the *lains*! Jod's blood!"

What are you to do in such a case? You can no more get him out of his track than you can get an Addington or a Jenkinson out of place. It is of no more use to be angry with him than it is to be angry with your hair for being grey. A farmer, when the Suffolk ploughs were first taken to Botley, was asked, why *he* could not plough with a pair of horses as well as his neighbour. His answer was: "Ah! dam't! I a plow'd "with your horses for vifty eers, "and my vather did it before me." So that, to get this straw in a hurry will, perhaps, be no easy matter, though it is the straw of our own corn and grass!

Yet, surely, this difficulty will be got over. It is a very curious thing, that our own home-made bonnets are called *straw-bonnets*, and the foreign ones *Leghorn-bonnets*, though both are made of

straw, and of the straw of the same corn too! There is, indeed, one discouraging consideration. It is pretty evident, that it would be advantageous to the nation to grow the raw material and to make for itself this almost universal article of dress. But, then, our blessed government would be deprived of the amount of the *tax*, which it lays upon foreign bonnets! It would be difficult for it to have Excisemen to *watch the fields*, and to follow the straws through their several stages. Yet, such is its ingenuity in this way; so able is it in all these matters, that I think we may safely trust to its well-known skill for finding out a *something or other* that will get it money out of these straws. Nay, I should not at all wonder, if a board of inventors of taxes had, at this moment, the matter under consideration. So that, if we will but raise the straws, we may make ourselves easy upon this score!

Since I began this article a gentleman has had the goodness to send me a piece of *plat* made

of *rye-straw*, grown in *Norfolk*. This plat is *finer* than the finest of the *Leghorn* that I have seen, and even *finer than the American!* It is not so regularly woven and not of so *bright a colour*. But, it shall be hard indeed if we have not as pretty female fingers as the Italians and Americans; and, as to *colour*, that is a matter easily set to rights. This was, in all probability, *rye-straw* culled out of that of a *ripe crop*, which is not the way to get straw of a fine and lasting colour.

TULL'S HUSBANDRY.

To be published by Subscription.

I MEAN to do this as soon as I have a sufficiency of *names*, that I know something of, to secure me against all risk of loss. For some time, indeed ever since the publication of my *Year's Residence in America*, I have been receiving applications to republish
TULL. These applications are

now more pressing than ever; which is very natural, seeing that, at this moment, there are, in several parts of England, to my knowledge, the finest crops of Swedish Turnips, standing in rows at the *Tullian distances*, that, I believe, ever stood upon the face of the earth. Another reason, doubtless is, that the old folio copies that remain amongst the booksellers, one of which I bought in 1812, for *seven shillings*, now cannot be had under *thirty shillings*; such has been the rise in its price since I mentioned it in print. There was an *Octavo edition* published about 20 or 30 years ago; but, in this, is omitted what the editor calls the "*controversial part*;" and this part is, as it happens, a very essential part of the work; because it explains many things that the author had not sufficiently explained at first; and refutes the erroneous notions that were at work against his system, many of which erroneous notions still prevail but too generally.

I propose to re-publish *the whole* of the book, except the part which relates to the *construction of drills and other implements*. This is unnecessary, seeing, that, in this respect, we have far surpassed Mr. TULL, who, being a *Lawyer* too (would to God that *Lawyers* were always as usefully employed!) was the first *inventor of a drill*; which drill, or the principal part of which, he made out of *the barrel of an organ* that he happened to have in his possession; which shows, by the bye, that even organs may be made good for *something*. This was the *first drill that ever was made*. The agriculture in England had been, up to that time, very nearly what the Romans had introduced; and, as TULL clearly shows, all their erroneous notions had been most faithfully handed down to us from father to son.

TULL went abroad for his health, and, being in the South of France, he observed, that the *vineyards* were *tilled*, in the spring and summer, while the vines were

producing their fruit. He observed, too, that those vineyards had the best crops and finest fruit that were best and most deeply tilled. On his return to England he applied this sort of cultivation to corn, turnips, Saint Foin and Lucerne; and his book contains an account of the means, the manner, and the result.

But, the chief excellence of the work, is, that it shows *why* the thing is as it is; that it shows the *causes*; that it does not lay down *rules*, but lays down and inculcates *principles*. It begins with *roots*, then goes to *leaves*, then to the *food of plants*, and the manner in which the food is conveyed into the body. And this is done, too, in so plain a manner, with such elegant simplicity of language, that, after reading his book, one turns with disgust from the dark and deep, the at once lofty and low, jargon of the present day. Even as a piece of *style*; as a thing to discipline the mind to attention; as something to give it a relish for the solids of writing;

as a thing to *settle the head*; even as such only, this book ought to be read by every *young man* and by every *young woman* too. Besides, in what rank of life can either ever be placed to render the first principles of Husbandry and Gardening, these sources of all our food and raiment, wholly useless and unentertaining?

When I last went to America there had never been a *field* of Swedish Turnips in that country. Now, there are thousands upon thousands of such fields, all cultivated in the Tullian manner; and I have just heard of a prodigious crop in *Louisiana* (almost under the tropics) raised from seed which I imported from England. The "*Year's Residence*," in which I gave an account of my Long-Island crops, has induced many gentlemen in England to try the method. I have this year seen, in Norfolk, crops of Swedish Turnips such as, I believe, never were seen *even there* before. I have heard of crops of cabbages, cultivated according to my book,

that would appear incredible, if not warranted upon unquestionable authority. In Surrey and in Sussex there are some striking proofs of the excellence of the Tullian cultivation. And, I hear that, in Herefordshire, there are crops of the same description. I shall, by-and-by, collect the facts. This, besides being a public duty, is also a private one; for, when the "Year's Residence" at first appeared, that blind guide, that compound of folly and malice, "*The Farmer's Journal*," treated my book as a *romance* and me as a *liar*.

However, as I have always said, though a great observer of, and taking great delight in, all things belonging to husbandry and gardening, I really was ignorant of the *principles*, till I read TULL, which I did not do till 1812. There are many things, to which, in *detail*, his work cannot apply. In his time that great article, the Swedish Turnip, was unknown in England; and no man had ever

thought of raising cabbages, carrots and parsnips for cattle, sheep and hogs to eat. One thing is *my own*; and that is, transplanting in *dry weather* in preference to *wet*. The rest belongs to TULL.

The book will form a *large octavo volume*; and the price cannot well be less, and shall not be more, than *twelve shillings* to the subscribers. As soon as I have names enough to secure me against loss, I shall begin to print; and when begun, the work will not be more than *thirty days* in *printing*.

Gentlemen who may choose to subscribe will please to leave their names with Mr. JOHN CORBETT, at "The Register" Office, No. 1, *Clement's Inn*, or to send them to him by post, *postage paid*. No money will be asked for until the work be ready for delivery. Those who *intend* to have the book, will please to observe, that the *sooner* they send their names, the sooner the work will go to the press.

PRICES

Of Corn and Meat.

AVERAGE Price of Wheat for 13 weeks, ending with the month of August, in the two years, 1820 and 1821 :

1820.	1821.
s. d.	s. d.
70 2	51 5
70 1	51 9
70 1	52 7
69 9	53 1
70 0	52 2
70 0	51 10
69 6	51 6
69 6	51 5
69 7	51 7
70 1	52 0
71 6	52 4
71 6	53 4
72 7	55 3
<u>70 4</u>	<u>52 4</u>

Average Prices of Cattle at Smithfield Market, for the same period, per stone of 8 pounds:

1820.	s. d.
Beasts - -	5 6
Sheep - -	5 1
Lambs - -	6 4
Calves - -	5 10
Pigs - -	5 9

1821.

s. d.

Beasts - - 3 10

Sheep - - 3 7

Lambs - - 4 5

Calves - - 4 2

Pigs - - 3 9

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I AM indebted to several for country and town newspapers, and also for letters postage paid, that I have not yet had time to notice.—I thank the gentleman who sent me that sad *old hack*, the "*Salisbury Journal*," with two articles marked with *red ink*, of which I will, in my next, make proper use. That paper is a mere trading concern, and is just as much under con of the parsons and justices (who are, mostly, the same persons) as if it were issued by the Clerks of the Peace for Hants and Wilts.—Talk of *liberty of the press* indeed; and make a fuss about a *prosecuting society*; when it is notorious that a full

nine-tenths of what is printed is intended to deceive. Lawyers cry up the *liberty* of the press, and say it is essential to the *very existence* of a constitution that is the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world; but, that the *licentiousness* of the press must be curbed. The Lawyers are right; for all that is in favour of the system means *liberty*, and all that is against it means *licentiousness*. With liberty to say *any thing* for a thing, and punishment for saying *any thing* against it, it is hard, indeed, if that thing is not secure. A *Censorship* would not be half so complete as this; for then you could only *keep out*; whereas this system *puts in* and *keeps out* too.—However, I beg my friends to *mark* country papers, and send them to No. 1, *Clement's Inn*. If they be a *month old*, no matter. They are just as good for me. What I want is to

see the *lies* and *delusions* that are circulated about the country.—If the papers be not *marked*, I am obliged to look them over, which requires *time*; and of time I have little to spare.

I have received the letter and newspaper from a Correspondent in *Suffolk*, giving me an account of the falling off of the *trade of the Bar*.—Bravo! I said we should have "*legal distress*." I'm a rogue if I should be surprised to see this "*most valuable class of society*" petition the "*Collective*" for "*relief*!" However, I shall see them come round like the "*poor gardeners*." Oh! this "*retrenchment*" plays the very devil with them.—If my *Suffolk* correspondent will let me know his *name* and place of abode, I will, *sooner than Christmas*, afford him, *nearer home*, an opportunity to do what he then is kind enough to wish to do.

OCTOBER 27, 1821.

LIST

OF

MR. COBBETT'S PUBLICATIONS.

TO BE HAD AT

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AMERICAN SLAVE TRADE;

or, an Account of the Manner in which the Slave Dealers take Free People from some of the United States of America, and carry them away, and sell them as Slaves in other of the States; and of the horrible Cruelties practised in the carrying on of this most infamous traffic: with Reflections on the Project for forming a Colony of American Blacks in Africa, and certain Documents respecting that Project. By JESSE TORREY, Jun. Physician. With Five Plates.—Price 2s. in boards.

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